

-Through sepia!

I see them, hardly bizarre but only Ward and June Cleaver, Ozzie and Harriet etc.

*Everyone's family odd!* blah blah you say, and our friends."

"Well, my one brother...!" I attempted to start. He all but shouted me down.

"But MINE into seriously seriously insane direction. Pathological, criminal even."

"Give me hint."

"No, you must pay."

"How much?"

"Dollar is fine. Symbolic. You're never actually giving it. It stays like this forever."

As a collector of foreign currency, I have a plastic case to put the dollar in.

"And only if you're very sure!"

“You’re acting! Academy Award!”

“No. You’ll never ever be the same.”

So, he told me. Whereupon, Cleo and Mark arrived.

We went bowling, I think.

After not sleeping, I walk a few hundred feet to an area where redevelopment has repeatedly failed.

Grandiosely called “The Desert.”

Bury the dollar in its case.